

WINFIELD AND WILLIAM

Touching Story of how Winfield Killed a Wolf and William got the Scalp

An orphan boy named Winfield Schley was once bound out to a farmer by the name of Anderson, generally called Uncle Sam in the neighborhood, for short. Uncle Sam was noted for his powerful strength and his hasty fits of temper, and he was considered a bad man to fool with.

He had a little boy of his own, whom he fondly called William Sampson. Little William had beautiful clothes and manners, and could drink tea like a European, but Winfield the bound boy would throw him down, and would not like Winfield.

One day a wolf came down the mountains and began to kill Sam's sheep, so he called the men together and they went to go and catch the wolf. Winfield and the man who would have the scalp for the wolf from the court.

The men loaded their guns and looked for the wolf, but they did not find him. By and by they saw his bushy tail wagging in a neck of woods and went to his cousin William and told him. Then William said he would go over on the other side of Brushy Lick Mountain and see if he could not kill all the wolves, and Winfield was to tackle the one in the woods.

So William went home and Winfield lay down until the wolf came out. When the wolf saw the boy with the gun he rushed straight at him, but the boy was a fighter and he shot the wolf so full of lead that he sunk to the ground and gave up the ghost.

Then Winfield skinned the wolf and started home, feeling very exultant. William, the petted son, saw him coming with the great skin across his shoulders, and he ran crying to his father that he had killed the wolf. "But I see no blood on your clothes?" said Uncle Sam.

"But I did not do any of the dirty work myself. I loaded the gun and made the bound boy kill the wolf, and here he comes with the skin on his shoulders. Come let us take the conceit out of him!" And William winked at his father and the father winked back, for they believed in keeping the thing in the family.

When William entered the yard he gave a great whoop, but Uncle Sam eyed him with stern displeasure. He wished to know whether the boy had not killed the wolf with William's gun, loaded by himself, and under directions left by himself. And Winfield faltered out, "Yes, sir."

Then he turned to William and told him to take the skin and scalp for his own, and pulled the ramrod out of the gun and gave Winfield such a flogging that all the neighbors came rushing up and wanted to know what he had done. When Uncle Sam got through with him, Winfield was afraid to open his mouth, and when the county paid for the scalp it was awarded to William by a just tribunal on the grounds that he had loaded the gun and that if the gun had not been loaded the wolf could not have been killed.

Uncle Sam got everything fixed to suit him except that the people would talk, many of them insisting that Winfield had killed the wolf which Uncle Sam considered absurd it having been established beyond peradventure of a doubt that William had loaded the gun which had killed the wolf, whereas an empty gun would have been harmless.

We would like Mr McGuffey to put this artless tale in and among the chaste lessons of the Fourth Reader.

DR. STOUT,

JUST,

and is ready for the Bank of Marlinton, W. Va.

has opened a shop in town.

Edgar is visiting Price.

was on our streets business.

F. M. Dilley, near Mt. Zion, was in town Tuesday.

Thanks are hereby tendered Arthur Lawson, chief of the Minnows, for a fine turkey.

Rhoda Renick, a worthy colored resident of West Marlinton, has been very ill.

Our Hardware Merchant Richardson has been laid aside some days by sickness.

Various lumber camps were numerously represented in Marlinton during the past festive week.

Mr Gordon, of Beaver Dam, was in town Friday liberally patronizing the merchants.

Mr and Mrs James McCollam desire hereby to return thanks to the many friends whose sympathy and help was so useful in the late trials and afflictions.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,

Practical Land Surveyor, Meadow Dale, Virginia. Maps and Blue Prints a specialty. Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

JOHN Y. MASON

Personal Reminiscences of a Famous Statesman

My recollections of him, not as a politician, for the presidential archives can tell that side, as he was in the cabinet, Secretary of the Navy, under one President (Polk, perhaps). But I may recall Judge Mason, thus we ever called him, in the private home circle, for I was often thrown with him in the family of his brother which was a second home to me for many years. It is now the period of average human life since this political man died; but he had loomed up largely upon the horizon of public affairs in Virginia—lawyer, judge, cabinet officer, and minister plenipotentiary to the court of France, and while in office there dying at Paris brought over the ocean and buried in his own country. Judge Mason in physique was finely built and had one of the kindliest and most benevolent of countenances: such was his nature joined to great love of simplicity; the "fuss and feathers" usually attendant on high political life was far from accordance with his tastes. When a little son sickened and died during a visit to his Virginia home, the unaffected home of his parents, he said: "If my child must die, I thank God it is here and not in fashionable Washington." There was in this noble man such a delicate consideration for others: his wife was of a gay festive loving sort, very ambitious and fond of the fine things of the world—her table was elegantly spread and finger bowls then figured prominently. A plain man was once a guest and not understanding everything, lifted a Bohemian finger-glass and drank the water; immediately, Judge Mason drank his also, to set the abashed man at ease—beautiful instance of real politeness. With numerous colored servants at command he delighted to tend and rock his little children to sleep; indeed he was overflowing with kindness to all, this man forever busy with problems of public significance. Mr and Mrs Mason had a large family nearly a dozen children, and strange to say the daughters all showed a decided turn to personal christian piety: their mother had a sister who was a maiden lady and took deep interest in her young nieces, and being herself a lovely christian and strict Methodist, early instilled the love of God in them. Years of gayety in Washington and especially in Paris when the Empress Eugenie was at her zenith, impressions made by that humble and truly pious person, whose death was so in keeping with her pure life. On a Saturday night, performing her toilet of cleanliness, arraying a spotless linen, kneeling before the Saviour she so loved and committing herself to sleep, in the morn she was not for God had taken her!—When the Mason family became at home in Paris the parents and older children were not at home in the language which the younger children acquired. A most amusing thing was told of one of Mrs Mason's mistake, the worst one for ignorance of the tongue in use means continual error. The lady wished to have a cushion filled with hair, but she did not say so; thus she ordered a French maid to take cushion (a little pig) and fill it with chevaux (horses)—chevex would have come nearer. Even French politeness could not stand this impossible task and the maid burst into loud laughter, interspersed with pardonnez moi Madame, and frantic efforts at composure. The elder ones only present recollections and the younger too have gone from earth, the lilac silks and satins of damask shredded away; the Queen they knew an exile in England; the Prince Imperial, scarce beyond childhood then slain by wild Zulus in Africa. And so change and decay is stamped on earthly greatness and only the words of Christ pass not away.

A. L. P.

IN MATTHEW'S TIMES

In the interval between the prophecy of Malachi and the gospel of Matthew, comprising about four hundred years, there was wrought a great change in the Jewish people, who were on the earth at the time of our Lord's manifestation in human form. It furnishes an interesting study to notice the phases of religious society prevalent at the time of his sojourn on the earth when he went about doing good the last three years of his life. So far as appearances went it seemed that the religion had made decided advances in those four hundred years for the Jewish people were far more orthodox in Matthew's time than they were in Malachi's. In the days of the Prophet their besetting sin was idolatry but in Matthew's day the Jews were uncompromising even to fanaticism. Monothelists.

The priestly functions were thoroughly organized in the gospel times, temple services and annual feasts were ever observed with strict scrupulous regularity, which was not the case in Malachi's times. Moreover the synagogue with its rabbis had been established, a new and very important religious institution that had become so popular and influential as well-known eclipsed the temple with its priesthood by holding a higher place in the affections of the devout people. The temple was only in one place, he synagogue was everywhere and frequented to overflowing week after week by persons merely interested in merely hearing the word read and very briefly expounded. The aim was to have the Old Testament read in course once a year.

Notwithstanding all this religiosity however, religion in its true sense and influence on human behavior had grievously declined. The inner spirit seemed to be lost sight of as externals were elaborated and multiplied. The paramount religious men of Matthew's day were the Pharisees. Originally they were persons who insisted upon the people of Israel dwelling alone and be reckoned among the nations as God's own people in a special sense. This idea was true and noble and worthy of their best endeavor so long as the distinction in question should emphasize holiness of personal character, supreme love for God and mutual regard for the neighbor. It turned out however that it was a hindrance that such holiness as a distinction was far more troublesome to observe and maintain than such outward differences as secularities and oddities in dress and food, speech and manners of deportment. And these in time were substituted for holiness of character. History furnishes us but few or no examples of more patriotic people than the Pharisees were in the days of Matthew, before or since. Such was their patriotism that few or no people have ever been known more ready to sacrifice their lives for national independence or hated oppression with more impassioned bitterness.

The Pharisees despised and hated other races, with unquenched and dauntless faith cherished their hopes of a glorious future for their nation. They had brooded over these hopes so long, that they came to regard themselves the special favorites of Heaven simply because they could trace their ancestry to Abraham, and so lost sight of the paramount importance of personal individual character. They diligently sought out and multiplied their Jewish distinctive differences but the grievous mistake they made was the practical substitution of external observances such as fasts, prayers, tithes, washings, sacrifices, and such like for the grand distinctions that God enjoins, love to God and love to man. The Pharisaic party included most of the Scribes whose business it was to copy and interpret the scriptures.

By collaborating the Pharisees and the Scribes learned how by arbitrary interpretation and acute casuistical comments they could satisfactorily to themselves and their people explain away the weightiest moral obligations and make up for the neglect of these moral obligations and duties by increasing ritual observances. In this way it came about that in Matthew's time the leaders could flout in the pride of sanctity and held in high esteem for piety while at the same time indulge to satisfy their selfish and vile passions. And so it was society was rotten with vice within and without washed with a self-deceptive religiosity without and made the Saviour use the figure of the white washed sepulchre in his remarks on the state of the best society, so regarded, in that time. There was an element among the Jewish people that perceived the rottenness of all this religiosity, and they fled a protest. These are known as the Sadducees. They protested against the authority attached to the commentaries of the fathers and demanded a return to the Bible and nothing but the Bible, and insisted upon morality in place of so many rites and ceremonies.

But so far as we can understand their course they were prompted merely by a spirit of denial and contradiction, merely talked to hear themselves speak, and so were not prompted or influenced to any practical degree by the warm principle of genuine religion, being virtually skeptical, cold hearted, worldly minded persons. They associated freely with the gentiles, adopted Greek manners of deportment, enjoyed foreign games and amusements and thought it foolishly useless to fight and bleed for the freedom of their subjugated country, thus preferring to be living Sadducees than dead Pharisees. These persons were found in the upper and wealthy classes of Matthew's day. Such were the state of things in influential society on which our Lord was to exert his influence: the upper class devoted to self-indulgence, politics and skepticism; the teachers and professors of the prevailing religious system absorbed in mere unessential and regarding themselves as the favorites of God, while their souls were honey combed with deceit and vice; the body of the people misled by false ideals, while in the religion had made decided advances in those four hundred years for the Jewish people were far more orthodox in Matthew's time than they were in Malachi's. In the days of the Prophet their besetting sin was idolatry but in Matthew's day the Jews were uncompromising even to fanaticism. Monothelists.

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ON TO GRAFTON

An Account of one of the First Occurrences of the Civil War

They mustered in their simple dress, For wrongs to seek a stern redress; To right those wrongs come weal or woe, To perish, or overcome the foe.—Scott.

Tacitus, one of the most accomplished historians of the ages, makes this very wise observation on the uses of history: "I hold to be the office of history; to rescue virtuous actions from oblivion, to which a want of records would consign them, and that men should feel a dread of being considered infamous in the opinion of posterity, from their depraved expressions and base actions."

This correspondent of the Times, has taken it in hand, to transcribe the contents of a diary that was kept during an excursion to Grafton during May and June 1861, as a volunteer chaplain.

During the national troubles that characterized the year 1861, a military post was located at Grafton, a railroad town Taylor county, now West Virginia. As a strategic point, it was regarded as very important, because the Parkersburg branch made a junction here with the main stem of the B. & O. railway. A volunteer company numbering over two hundred young men the pick and choice of Highland families, was raised in a few days after the Lincoln proclamation, and organized with Felix Harness Hull, captain.

The names of Robert H. Bradshaw and Jesse Gilmore recur vividly to the writer's memory, as enthusiasts in the pending cause. Orders came from Governor Letcher to take up the march for Grafton, and the troops started the 18th of May. At the solicitation of Captain Hull and others, and being more than willing besides, I tendered my services as volunteer chaplain.

My congregations, McDowell and Williamsburg, readily granted me leave of absence, and so on the 21st of May I set out to join the troops at Grafton. At first it was a perplexing matter to me whether I should furnish myself with arms, but having been advised to do so I borrowed a double-barreled shot gun. It was a showy weapon for those times. The kind lady at whose delightful home I had lived about a year Mrs Washington Hull provided me with ample supplies of roasted chicken, good biscuit and sweet cakes. Thus equipped and furnished I began my lonely journey from McDowell, heading for the seat of war at Grafton. The day was very uncomfortable because of a chilly blowing rain.

At Monterey I halted a little while, it being quite early, but I was there long enough to have my eyes opened to the fact that soldiers ought to be careful and not wear out their welcome. Old Mother Shumate had a sad tale of the care and inconvenience that was endured in providing volunteers with accommodation upon such short notice.

The first adventure of special notice after leaving Monterey, was to meet the late James Gay, on the mountain between Monterey and Hightown in a state of much excitement over alarming rumors from the Northwest, to the effect that the people from Beverly on to Grafton were seriously disaffected toward the Southern troops. In consequence of this reported disaffection, he thought it about certain that civil war would commence at once. Such news made me think it was the right thing to have done to get my shot gun, and so prized it more than I had been doing. Nevertheless I felt quite faint at the idea of having to travel alone through the enemies' country from Beverly to Grafton. Not crossed over to where there is a Henever's climbed the mountain very clear beautiful spring of water, and being about noon I stopped to give my horse his first feed and take some of my own fancy rations. I found however that my horse was foolishly afraid of a gun, and when I dismounted he came near getting away from me. The great question now was, and it spoiled all enjoyment for my first military dinner, how should I remount as he would not let me come near him with my gun in hand. At Monterey and McDowell there had been so many to help that I had not noticed his aversion to a gun when in the act of mounting. Finally I hit upon the expedient of blindfolding him, that proved entirely successful. Having replaced my saddle bags, shawl-blanket and overcoat, preparatory to remounting, I took my white linen handkerchief and blinded him until I could mount, which at length I succeeded in doing, with my gun in hand. After mounting I reached forward and removed the blindfold, and proceeded without further trouble or interruption.

Towards evening I overtook a carriage containing a gentleman and two ladies. It was a pleasure to recognize them as the Rev. J. K. Harris, of Rockbridge Co., with his wife and her sister. His destination was Beverly to take charge of some congregations in Randolph county. As Chet was to be crossed the next day we made an agreement that I was to guard the party if they would carry a portion of my luggage. The terms were mutually satisfactory. About the time our agreement was ratified late evening came on, the carriage turned in to Yeager's and I went on to

George Burner's for the night. The old gentleman of the house occupied the time allotted to conversation by a resume of the political questions then occupying public attention with such ominous prominence. The good lady of the house had no taste for politics and soon after finishing up the chores in the kitchen room she came in, drew up a small table near the fireside, lighted a tall lamp, placed it on the table and near it reverently placed the Bible and hymn book. Having read the 116th Psalm and commented on the 7th verse: Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee—and sung the hymn "When I can read my title clear," we bowed in prayer for grace to help in time of need in those strange eventful days. Thus closes the first day's journey of my on to Grafton, May 21st, 1861. W. T. P.

A FEW ODD CALCULATIONS.

The Time Wasted by Habitual Smokers in Striking Matches.

"Did you ever think about the vast number of matches used by the habitual smoker?" asked a young statistician of a New Orleans Times-Democrat-writer. "Well, you would be surprised to know how many matches a fellow will strike in a year, and how much time he will consume in this way. Matches are without value from the way men look at the question. Anybody will give you a match, or a dozen matches for that matter and think nothing of it, and you would do the same by even a stranger if he should want the matches and you had them at the time. Take the light smoker, say the man who will consume only six cigars in a day. I will allow the low average of two matches for each cigar. This will mean 12 matches every day, or 360 during a month. In a year's time he will consume 4,320 matches, and in 35 years, an average life, he would strike 151,200 matches. Now, mind you, this is the case of the fellow who does not smoke a great deal. Six cigars a day is a small quantity in these days. No man can strike and use a match in less than two seconds, which would mean a total consumption of 302,400 seconds in a lifetime. This is about 3 days, 14 hours and 20 minutes that just an ordinary smoker will consume in striking matches. Now I smoke more than this, and I have figured that when the end comes, if I live up to the average of 35 years, I can truthfully say that I have spent one whole week in the business of striking matches. And one's pipe is constantly going out. But here is my friend, the cigarette smoker. What shall we say of him? Let us see: He smokes on an average of 30 cigarettes, beginning before he bathes his face in the morning and flitting the last cigarette away just before he puts the light out to crawl in bed, although in some instances the fiend will take his smoke to bed with him, and will quit it after he stretches out well. For each cigarette he will use on an average of three matches unless he is a spasmoidic, impulsive smoker, in which event he will only take a few puffs. But you may figure it 1, 2, 3 just as you please. If he uses only 1 match to each cigarette he will use 30 matches in a day's time; if he uses 2 he will use 60, and if he uses 3 he will use a total of 90, so you can take your choice on this point. If he uses 3 matches for every smoke, allowing the same time, 2 seconds, in a lifetime of 35 years he will have spent about 2,268,000 seconds in striking matches, which would mean a fraction more than 25 days, more exactly put about 26 days and 16 hours. If he only uses 1 match he will consume only one-third of this time, and if he uses 2 he will consume two-thirds of the time, which would be about 18 days. Of course, this is a guess, but not altogether guess either, for there is a grain of truth in it after all, and it is not very far wrong. But this is just one of the many little ways of wasting one's time in humbug whims."

THE CAT AND THE KID.

Things Are Not Always What They Are Called.

Once upon a time, relates the New York Herald, a cat and a kid were traveling in company and stopped in front of a window of a store to admire a miscellaneous display of merchandise. "Don't it make you sad?" asked the cat, "to see those kid gloves? Just think, that may be the condition of your skin some day!" The kid laughed, and then answered: "That's no skin of my family, for it comes from your two enemies, the dog and rat. But see those fiddle strings; don't they give you a pain in your stomach?" Now the cat laughed in his turn, and then replied: "The interior department of my family don't furnish those any more than your skin goes into the gloves. They come from your cousin, the sheep."

A Good Marksman.

It is said that the most wonderful marksman in Washington is Senor de Assis-Brasil, the Brazilian minister, Senor de Assis began his apprenticeship in shooting on his father's ranch, where as a lad he was the constant companion of the vaqueros and hunters, whom he soon excelled at their own craft. Mme. de Assis-Brasil attests her confidence in her husband's skill by holding a card or a quarter of a dollar between her fingers as a target, and some of his friends amuse themselves by shooting at the ash of his cigars.

THE Marlinton Drug Store,

HARRY R. ECHOLS, Prop.

A complete line of Pure Drugs, MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, DYE STUFFS, BRUSHES, COMBS, STATIONERY, PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, PAINT BRUSHES, ETC.

A full line of the best tobacco, cigars and cigarettes.

ELEGANT STOCK OF LOWNEY'S CANDY. Physicians prescriptions a specialty.

For Xmas Goods of Every Description go to the Pocahontas Bargain House—They show the largest assortment in town. X X

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me by bond or account will please come and settle at once or I will be compelled to place the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection. Remember I mean what I say, as this is the third time I have given you notice.

Yours respectfully, R. L. NOTTINGHAM, 11-22-1901. Danmore, W. Va.

The Hardware Store.

THERE WERE ONLY

Seven Wonders

of the World

UNTIL THE ADVENT OF THE

Wonder Heating Stove

DON'T BE DECEIVED

by the offer of something

JUST AS GOOD

THERE IS NOTHING MADE

EQUALLY GOOD

WE HAVE THEM IN

COAL & WOOD

AND ARE AGENTS FOR

Greenbrier, Monroe & Potomac.

EVERYTHING IN

Hardware.

SIMMS & CO.,

The Hardware Store,

RONCEVERTE, W. VA.

EAST END LIVERY.

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